



The Temple Artisan

DECEMBER, 1906

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Mysticism, Social Science and Ethics

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THE TEMPLE.



PRIMARILY, The Temple is a cosmic organic center, the constituent parts of which are the units of collective humanity.

Coincident with the original impulse, the first emanation from the Central Spiritual Sun,—the Universal Heart,—came into manifestation, the Father-Mother-Son, the triangular corner stone of The Temple, upon which is rising, age by age, a geometrically perfect edifice. The cap stones to the pillars of the porch, and the outer walls are now being laid, preliminary to the work of the roof-builders—the humanity of the sixth great root-race.

The place of each stone is determined by the law of selection, and the same law determines the different Degrees and Orders which lead to and from the great Stone of Sacrifice which rests upon the pavement of the Central Square.

The development of outer conditions, planes and personalities must keep pace with and correspond to the development of the interior man, or evolutionary force would be diverted from its proper channels.

When the Craftsman or Apprentice to any Degree has finished his term of service, and has mastered all the details of the work, he is “recognized” by the Master Builder, and raised to a higher Degree, although he may never be conscious of the presence of that Master, until his apprenticeship is completed, and he in turn becomes a Master of a lower Degree.

The Organization of The Temple, the members of which belong by evolutionary right to a certain Degree of Cosmic Life, which Degree is subdivided into seven Orders, is the continuation and expansion of the work of the Masters revived in this country a quarter of a century ago by certain chelas or disciples.

To the efforts of the Masters is due the impulse which has caused the great advance in scientific, philosophical and social endeavor; for they are the guardians of Ancient Wisdom and Knowledge, in which lies the root of all progress; and the work of The Temple is to cultivate and embody the highest principles of all such endeavor in one stupendous living organic whole.

It is a common belief that the fires on the altars of the Ancient Temples have been permitted to die out: but “those who know” say this is not true; that they are but hidden from the view of the masses, awaiting the time when the veil of ignorance and corruption hanging before the hearts of the humanity of this transitory period, shall be rent asunder, and the light of the ages become manifest to all. The time is comparatively close at hand when the doors of “The Temple of the Mysteries” shall once more swing outward. The Site of that once wonderful structure has been rediscovered, and when the Lord, the Saviour, the Elder Brother of the human race once more reappears to claim his own, He will find a place prepared for him by those who, having heard this call, “Come over and help us,” have faithfully responded, and have taken up their share of the burden of responsibility. Are you of that number?

Address The Temple, Oceano, California.

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No. 7

Behold, I give



unto thee a key.

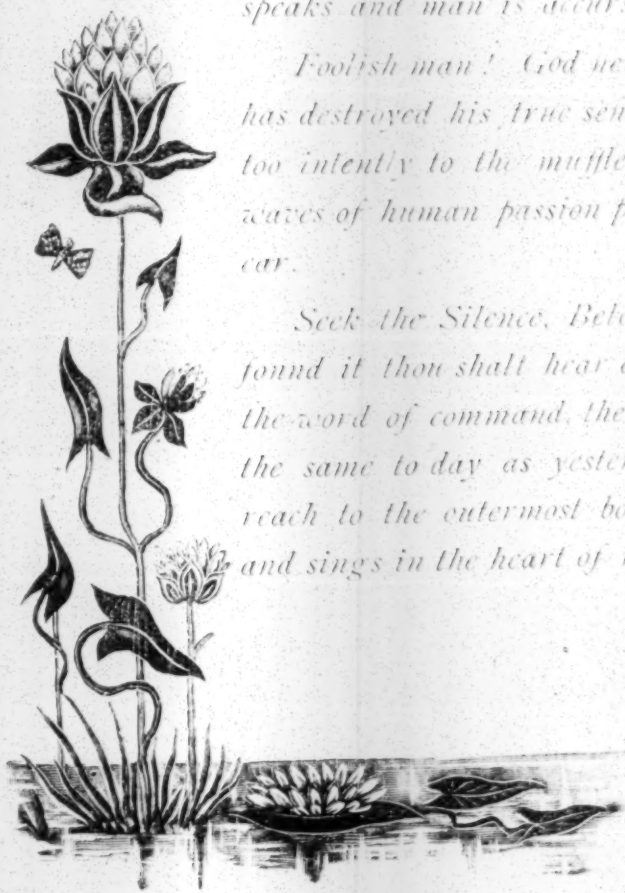


THE VOICE OF GOD.

Thou sayest, "God spoke to Man in the olden days, man listened and was blessed, but now in the night of Time, God no longer speaks and man is accursed"

Foolish man! God never ceases to speak, but man has destroyed his true sense of hearing by listening too intently to the muffled thunders of the sound waves of human passion pounding against his inner ear.

Seek the Silence, Beloved, and when thou hast found it thou shalt hear again the tender cadences, the word of command, the Song of Life, for God is the same to day as yesterday and His voice doth reach to the uttermost bounds of Time and Space, and sings in the heart of man.



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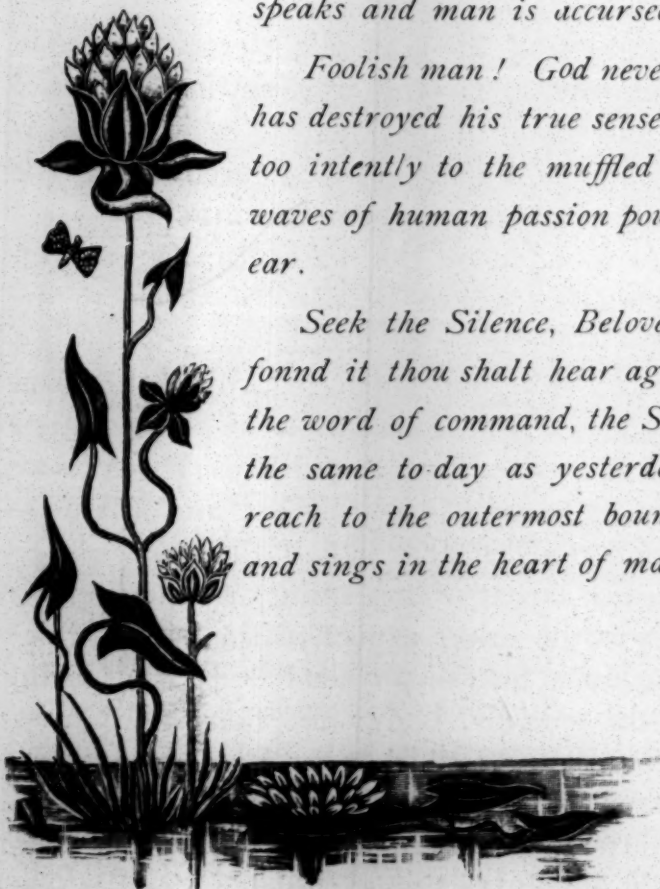


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ORBITS.

I love you just where you are,
 But go no further away and draw no closer.
 When we are all whirling in our proper orbits,
 How we exult in the forces that play between us,
 Rioting with the centrifugal, plunging with the centripetal,
 And yet calm and unshaken in such a divine equilibrium.
 But oh, the derangement when we lose the just balance and deviate
 from the way.
 Here collisions, there explosions,
 Death, havoc and hate.
 Nay, even in the universe of love, there are respectful distances to
 be observed,
 If we are to have dignity and unity and harmony.

ERNEST CROSBY.

TRANSMUTATION.

TEMPLE TEACHINGS, OPEN SERIES, NO. LVII.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Catholic clergy to clarify the doctrine of transmutation, i. e.—the transmuting of bread and wine into the body and blood of the Master Jesus, the average layman experiences much difficulty in comprehending the process or accepting the fact of such a seeming miracle.

As the said doctrine is founded on the action of a great natural law, and Temple members are as deeply concerned in the effects of that law as any other body of people can possibly be, I will make some effort to enlighten them regarding the same and its resultant phenomena. The foundation of all occultism rests upon the principles of Desire, Motive and Will; three forms of energy which in action become Light, Heat and Flame,—Father, Mother, Son,—Creator, Destroyer and Preserver.

To understand the higher aspect of any thing or condition, we must turn our attention to the lower aspect of the same, which for our present purpose must be the physical body, that being the negative aspect of the spiritual body—the Son—the Christ-body, the Preserver. That the physical body may be sustained and preserved, the inherent principle of desire, moves the animal will to action, for the purpose (motive) of securing (eating) and assimilating, at regularly appointed times, sufficient food to sus-

tain the body for a definite period of time. This action of forces has become almost automatic in man. No sane man thinks he can deprive his body of food and continue to live. The fact that the soul of man requires nourishment no less than the body, and also requires it at stated intervals of time, and in sufficient quantities, is not always recognized or accepted, consequently in the majority of cases that nourishment is very inadequately and intermittently supplied, and the result of such neglect is to a close observer evident in the faces and forms of the people he meets. With the animal creation it is far otherwise, for unless deprived of food and drink by hard conditions, the so-called instinct, (which man has lost) leads the animal to an unconscious use of the forces which correspond to desire, motive and will in man, and the animal soul is almost automatically fed. In the case of man, if every meal were prefaced by a consciously expressed desire for soul sustenance, and while partaking of the food the mind were awakened to a higher motive than mere animal satisfaction of appetite, and also if a few moments of silent thanksgiving and appreciation were to conclude the meal, there would inevitably be the three forms of energy set in action, which in essence would furnish nourishment, digestion and assimilation to the soul, and the nourishment furnished the body would then be blessed and therefore would create the most healthful conditions, owing to the establishment of a harmonious adjustment of forces. "Health is harmony."

Remember, it is not the gross food deposited in that wonderful receptacle, the stomach, that finally enters the blood stream to nourish and vitalize the body; that food is disintegrated, churned by the action of gastric juices until the fiery lives which animate the food are set free to enter the blood stream, leaving their bodies, (waste matter,) to share the fate of all other outer forms and conditions of matter. Each of the shields of those fiery lives is related to a different plane or state of matter, some of them so fine in essence as to be under the sway and dominion of will and mind.

If Desire has aroused the Will to determine that a certain proportion and degree of the shields of these fiery lives shall nourish the soul, and mind has furnished the dynamic force by compelling the lips to utter the sounds which will propel that essence in a certain direction, nothing can prevent its taking that definite course. Again, the same or similar forces are set in ac-

tion by Desire, Will and Mind in the thanksgiving which follows the meal, and the process of soul digestion and assimilation is then complete. Do not forget that the Ego is first of all responsible for the taking of the food in the interests of the physical body, and that It is just as deeply concerned in the feeding of soul. But I do not wish to imply that it is only in this way the soul is nourished, for truly is it said, "Man shall not live by bread *alone*, but by every word that proceedeth from the Father;" Every such word is a Son of God, a living creature, for life alone can sustain life; and as there are no dead things, the soul may be nourished by all its contacts, if it is capable of seeking and finding such nourishment.

Taking the words, "Take no thought what ye shall eat," literally, instead of figuratively, as they were intended, the average orthodox believer makes no effort to awaken spiritual Desire, Will and Mind, before, during and after the taking of food, and consequently furnishes no food in a methodical cyclic manner to the soul, which must needs take its nourishment from the crumbs that fall from the rich—the perfected—man's table. But alas and alas! even those crumbs are too heavy for the mental digestion of the unprepared soul, and therefore that soul is too often compelled to sustain itself with the husks, the cast away refuse of the selfish, egotistical, self-indulgent, worldly individual who has thrown away priceless food because he had no soul to nourish and cared nothing for the souls of others. Ah! the infinite pity, the Cosmic woe of it all. The Wheel of the world is grinding out daily the meal that would nourish, invigorate and revitalize millions of self-starved human souls, the crushed, half grown, tortured, tempted, broken-willed souls,—that are daily driven out of incarnation,—when there is manna in plenty and therefore Life for all.

If an individual recognizes the necessity for feeding his soul, determines upon a methodical, periodical way and time for so doing, obtains and uses the outer symbols of that food, arouses the energy in sound by a definite ceremony with words, he is literally laying up treasure in heaven, helping to create an eternal structure in and through which the Ego may operate after his outer form has become dust and ashes.

Certain forms of food and liquid contain more in number and a better quality or degree of the firey lives than others; among these are wheat, wine and water. They are more easily disinte-

grated and assimilated; therefore the firey lives are more expeditiously and thoroughly freed from bondage to coarser forms of matter, and more readily acted upon by the gastric juices.

What I have said may seem to indicate the degradation of a great spiritual ideal, but instead of encouraging you to belittle or degrade one ideal I fain would help you to raise all ideals, as well as to see that natural law governs both spirit and matter.

No more holy function exists than that of supplying nourishment to the body; no more degrading process can be conceived than that of gorging the stomach for mere appetite's sake.

BLACK MOUNTAIN.



There was once a mountain, which, ever as it watched over the lovely valley at its foot, stood dark and somber in its garments of pine and redwood trees.

No matter how bright shone the sun, even in that land of the sun's glory where she dwelt, still was that mountain ever dark and gloomy. For the spirit within the mountain was sad, knowing its mission. For the Lord had put a curse and a blessing upon her, but the blessing was hidden within the curse, so that the mountain spirit saw it not. And this is why the mountain spirit ever waited in sorrow for its doom.

And as she waited the Red Men she knew in her youth vanished by degrees, and at last built no more their camp fires upon her rocky sides, or their wigwams within her shady forests, or chased the deer with arrow and with bow over her hill tops and through her valleys.

But in her stead came from the eastern lands a strange people, pale and with curious habits. And these children from the east were afflicted with a weird madness for the yellow metal, wandering over the mountain searching for its presence and its gleam in her crannies, and, seeing only the earth and rock of the mountain, saw not her glory and beauty. And they thought it a pleasure to kill with gun and with rifle, killing not for the food, but for the pleasure they got out of the bloodshed.

And the mountain became ever lonelier, missing its birds and its beasts. And the pale-faced children from the eastern lands lived not in tents amongst the trees upon the mountains, but built themselves houses of wood, stone and brick in the valley. And they cut down the great, beautiful trees, redwood, oak and

pine, the pride and glory of the mountain, so that her very earth trembled with the grief of her spirit at their loss, and the shame of her nakedness.

And the pale children knew not the spirit of the mountain, for did they not live in houses in the valley? And the mountain spirit understood not their ways or language, and talked not to them as she did of old to her Red Children of the past time.

Thus they, hearing not her voice, knew not of her existence, excepting one here and there who studied and understood her and longed for her to reveal herself to them.

And so when the grief and sorrow of her lot was strong upon her heart and she sobbed and shook in her loneliness and sorrow, they that dwelt in her valley within their homes of brick and of redwood, said, "there is an earthquake," and they had an instrument to measure the vibration of what they called her quake. But indeed that shake in reality recorded just how heavy and sorrowful was her sobbing and weeping.

And although they talked a great deal about the movements of the mountain, they knew her not, but only her surface and trees and stones. For they did not indeed know that she had any spirit living in her heart. And they debated learnedly about her faults and how she was made, but for all that they understood her not and she was ever lonely for her Red Children of the older time, who knew her and loved her.

Before the instrument to register her grief was erected, there had come more of the Pale Children to live in her valley: in fact, it was these strangers who had made it. And they erected buildings beautiful with living yellow stone for their walls, where they were to teach all things known. And the mountain was glad of that beautiful place, for she said: "They will surely learn about me, and I will be lonely no longer. And she watched the structures grow, and brightened a little as she saw their roofs of red, especially when she saw a church in their center with a cross upon its steeple. For there they would teach of the great God, who made the earth and the mountains, and laid the curse and blessing upon her forehead, and if they learn of Him surely they will also know that I am here and love me. And they will come and build their campfires upon my bosom and they will care for my trees and birds and beasts, instead of delighting in the thought of Death.

But as the years passed, the gloom darkened again upon her

beautiful slopes and hollows. For the learned men still studied, thought and taught only of the outside of things, and even knew less than the Red Men before them, of that hidden mystery behind the thing that seems, and of the soul of things. And some of these men of learning were great slayers of birds and the beautiful wild things of nature, and were indeed so stupid and sunken in ignorance as not to know how they offended the World Mother. And yet the teachers in the church knew even less about nature and the World Mother ways than did the learned men.

Thus the Mountain remained lonely and sorrowful; for before the children of the pale race know much of the Great Spirit, or the Spirit of Nature, they must first understand something of their own soul, and live closer in thought and life to the World Mother's teachings.

And so for all their beautiful buildings and all their books of research, those pale children were ignorant of soul and of the deeper workings of nature.

And now at last on a night of mystic wonder and peace, as the Mountain lay in her dark and gloomy beauty under the stars and upon her breast all things slept, a curious thrill of a wonderful force swept through her, and she knew her hour of trial was at hand, and she chanted a song of mourning and of sorrow:

"Great Spirit, Thy ways are wisdom,
I understand them not.
And my soul is sad by the touch of Thy hand.
Why is this Thy curse upon my forehead?
Why must I harm the children of men?"

And the Great Spirit whispered in the inner world to the soul of the mountain:

"Wait, be still, abide in peace, for the hour is at hand to try the souls of men."

And so the mountain rested in the arms of the Infinite waiting three days. All that time the mysterious thrill traveled through her canons and over her hillsides and into her heart.

On the third morning, in the mystic twilight, the Great Spirit spread forth his hand and the hour of trial was upon her. And as the Mountain, bowing her beautiful head, shook to the heart's core, she groaned in her anguish and great rents ran through her hillsides and canons. And beneath in the valley she saw the halls

of learning falling and shaking and she knew the hour of the curse and its nature, but of the blessing she understood not anything.

In the light of the morning came the people grieving in their hearts for their beautiful buildings that they loved and the mountain sorrowed also. But even as she grieved for the pale children in their sorrow, a gleam of the hidden blessing shot through her soul like a ray of God's glorious sunlight shining through the darkness. For many of those who came and looked saw deeper and sensed the hidden mystery, the inner Brotherhood the Red Children understood. And she knew from this time forward her loneliness would diminish, for the Pale Children of the valley would come closer and closer to the soul of nature, and of their brothers and of the Mountain.

For they had all one great sorrow in common, and to many of the pale race her new children had come by the stress of the curse, the heroic sense, the quality of self-sacrifice, and the understanding of soul.

And this was the blessing within the curse.

J. O. VARIAN.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS OCCULTISM.

II.

The morality, virtue or goodness alone, of a disciple, could not determine his value as an instrument for the use of a Master in the comprehension and dissemination of spiritual truths which could only be imparted by psychic powers. Jesus plainly intimated the fact that the multitude could only understand the truths He taught them, by means of parables, but His disciples could understand the deeper spiritual truths without such aid. What was it that made these disciples able to understand such truths, when they were incomprehensible to the multitudes from which these very disciples were taken, of which they were integral parts? It was a common relationship, a spiritual tie, which united Jesus and His disciples on interior lines, and made it possible for them to understand sign, word or symbol, in which alone those deeper spiritual truths could be imparted, and in which alone the same truths can be imparted today. Those disciples could never have held the positions that were theirs were it not for such relationship, no matter how gifted they may have been, or how great their desire to serve Jesus in such a capacity. It

might have been possible for them to occupy the positions that many lesser disciples occupied, but the positions held by each one of the Twelve would have been impossible under any other circumstances than those I have named.

Orthodoxy would say that the enlightenment of the disciples was due to the gift of the Holy Ghost, but when asked the character and attributes,—in fact of what the Holy Ghost consists.—it says, "The Holy Ghost is the third person of the Trinity," and that is about all the satisfaction an enquirer can obtain.

An Occultist would tell you that the Holy Ghost is the Central Spiritual Sun—the Higher Self of all men, and that its gifts are due to the fact that the receiver had subdued his lower nature and made himself a fit vehicle for the operation of a great spiritual Entity, but that the Entity is the embodiment of spiritual law and order, and also that that law has built up the visible and invisible universe on a perfect geometrical plan. Any one line of any one figure of that universe could not be removed or changed without throwing the whole out of balance. The Occultist teaches that all the visible creation came into being as the seven rays of an electrical star might flash out in space when the electric fluid touched the central point, and each one of these Cosmic Rays has evolved from its own substance one great division of the Cosmos, and the forces manifesting in any one of these rays extend to the minutest portion of matter, force and substance that belong to that Ray, and are not transferable to any other Ray during that phase of the Great Breath or the one age of evolution.

If two individuals belonging to two different Rays come into close association, there is invariably trouble; they fly apart as overcharged magnetised particles fly apart, or if by sheer will force they try to remain together, there is antagonism between them all the time. It is some one aspect of universal law which governs the action of all matter belonging to each Ray, and which causes such demonstrations as have been noted,—the law which is generally termed affinity. If we act in opposition to any aspect of said law, we can expect nothing but discord, rebellion and disintegration or separation.

One great difficulty unenlightened students experience in trying to understand Spiritualism is due to their ignorance of the character of the different grades of matter or substance of which the interior planes, and the beings in manifestation on those planes, consist; and until they can grasp the truth in relation to the same, they will always be in a quandary.

POLARIS.

(To be continued)

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EDITORIAL MIRROR.

"When the Moon was six days old, the Archdruid, clad in his white vestment and red tiara, ascended the oak tree with naked feet, severed the Mistletoe with a golden hook held in his left hand, which had never before been used, and received it in the Sagus or Sacred Vest, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the people."—*Maurice*, Indian Antiquities.

✧

The legend of the Mistletoe gives the origin of that festival, known in these days as Christmas. The early fathers of the Church were wise in grafting on the stock of the old religious systems the truths of the new Revelation—which were the same old truths revived in purity, and purged of the errors which inevitably encrust, in time, the highest truths given to man, thus making necessary its periodical revival, racially or universally, by the advent of some great Teacher or Saviour.

✧

Ram, a young Druid priest, was such an one. Human sacrifices had been instituted among these people and Ram sought to lift the people to a higher level. Because of his innate purity he was instructed in the highest mysteries by Teachers whom he found. A terrible plague came upon the people and the whole nation was in danger of being wiped out. Ram saw in this a heavenly chastisement, because of the sacrilegious worship. In a vision Ram was shown that from the mistletoe could be prepared a remedy which would cure the terrible plague. It was used as directed and the people were saved and a new dispensation ushered in. A new Cult was formed and the mistletoe became a sacred plant. Ram perpetuated its remembrance by instituting the feast of Noel (New Yule), or Salvation, or New Health, which he placed at the commencement of the year, calling it Mother-Night (of the New Sun) or the Great Renovation. Just as night in all its obscurity covered the north pole at this period, they used to consider night as the source of day, hence they called the first night after the Solstice, "Mother-Night." It

is from this that our festival of Christmas is derived, such a festival having been known amongst the Greeks by a name signifying the In-Newing.



"As of old, the Avatar, the Saviour of our race, will come from the land we call the East, the Cradle of our race, the last home of the fifth race from which we spring and whose surviving wisdom and virtue have afforded a nucleus for the building of the Golden City whence Christ shall come. He will come as the lightning cometh, from the East unto the West, and in great power and majesty. That is, He will follow the line of humanity's age-long march from Asia across Europe, across the Atlantic Ocean and across the American Continent; but His progress will be like lightning in its swiftness. * * * He will come in power and majesty as befits a king coming to his Coronation, attended not by soldiery—horse, foot, or dragons—but by a splendid company of illustrious companions and co-workers. And all along the route he will be hailed as the long looked for, eagerly expected, and universally recognized Redeemer, by a grateful race knowing its redemption; by an organized humanity, in which Love shall rule by right Divine, and Jesus be proclaimed King, as Mankind's supreme personification of Love, the Universal Republic's First Citizen. He will come to America; in this land will be placed the central seat of his rule. Upon this continent, the mightiest civilization the world has ever seen is now building."—*Paul Tynner, in The Living Christ.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Temple Builders—Lesson 35

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE WICK AND THE FLAME.

The Christmas lamp is burning and we will gather round it to hear the story it has to tell.

"You are glad to see my cheerful light," it says, "and I am just as glad to see your light shining so brightly. You wonder what I mean, but I see a lamp within each one of you and the light from it shining through your eyes and faces.

"I am only an old lamp but the same thing that makes your

light shine keeps me burning. I am filled with oil, and my wick is long and well trimmed.

"You are filled with life. When you think about anything you draw the life out into work or play, the same as my wick draws the oil up. The love you put into the things you do makes the flame which gives out the light that shines from within you.

"When you see me smoking you say my wick needs trimming, or my oil is not pure. My chimney gets so black the light will not shine through it, and you say this smoky old lamp must be taken away.

"Did you ever think that is exactly what happens to you when you do some mean or selfish act? You think some wrong thought and you make the oil or life within you dark and impure. Your wick begins to smoke with anger and in a short time the light dies out of your eyes, leaving only an ugly face, which no one wants to see.

"This is Christmas Eve, you say, and what a strange story you are telling us! It may sound strange because it is different from many you have heard, but you will soon see it is a true Christmas story.

"You love to hear the story of the Baby Christ that was born years ago, and how the wonderful star shone over the stable where He lay with His mother. You know how all heaven and earth rejoiced when Prince Buddha was born. You have read of the little Hiawatha, how he wrestled and how he fasted, and how he grew to perfect manhood.

"You like to gather round the Christmas tree laden with presents for yourselves and friends, but have you ever thought that the reason you love these things is because the Christ Light is burning within your own hearts? Did you ever think that it is the Christmas joy that makes even a lamp give out its light?

"It was these truths that the infant Christ and other saviours came to teach. They wanted us to see the light within all Nature and ourselves. They wanted us to see that we could shine as brightly as they or as the stars in heaven, if we would be unselfish and fill our lives with kind deeds for others as they had done.

"We do not always see the light at once in everything. We may have to look carefully many times before we can see even a tiny spark, but we must not forget to look in the dark and lowly places, for there oftentimes we will find the greatest light. We have been told that only the Wise Men could see the Christ

Star, and we will find the same light burning brightly if we keep ourselves humble and pure as the Baby King of Love.

"If you were to look at me in the daytime when I am standing on the mantle, you would not think, unless you knew better, that I could shine enough to light this big room. You would think no light could come from oil and a wick. You have learned that it only needs a match to touch me with its flame to bring my light forth, just as I have learned that it only needs love to touch your lives to make you happy and glad.

"You will find there is an active and a quiet side to everything. All nature has these two sides, is divided into twos. You have a right hand and a left hand; a right eye and a left eye. There is winter and summer, cold and heat, sorrow and pleasure.

"It is the same as the two ends of a stick. You cannot think of a stick with only one end.

"The oil is my left hand, the flame my right hand. One feeds on the other as much as one hand helps the other.

"This is the Law of Balance. Everything has its two sides, and a center where the Christ light dwells.

"The oil of itself can have no flame. Neither can the life within your bodies do anything of itself. It needs love to call it forth to make the heart beat, the lungs breathe, the blood circulate. Love and life feed upon one another, as the flame and oil do in the lamp. Each is good but it takes both to make God.

"It was the Great Spirit of Love that was breathed upon the world at Christmas time that makes it dear to us. It is to help us keep that love burning brightly in our hearts that brings the Christ to the earth and to all people. We must watch that our light never goes out, but keep our lamps well filled with oil and our wicks trimmed that we may never have a smoky chimney to darken and cloud ourselves and others. We will remember that Christmas is the children's day and we will remember to keep the child love in our hearts that will always keep the Christ star shining to give joy and peace to all who see and feel it."

NOTE.—Any appropriate Christmas songs can be used with this lesson. Teachers should emphasize the fact of the Christ coming in different ways to different peoples.

"LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELF."

One of the first things for a seeker after light to learn is to "love your neighbor as yourself" or as your own. It once seemed a very hard proposition to me, for we cannot help having what one might call an individual love for those to whom we have given birth, or for those to whom we are otherwise bound by ties of blood. This "brotherly love" must be such that, should we see our neighbor's daughter, son or animal in trouble, we could and would do for that daughter, son or animal, just as we would for our own in like circumstances.

Many are striving to obey the command to "love your neighbor as yourself," who are wondering *how* they can succeed; what are the requirements? They look around and don't see any one else doing it, according to what their ideas of it seem to demand, and wonder if the great Master really meant what he said. We feel such a selfish love for our own, and such a feeling that the self and its belongings come first, and ask how can we take a stranger (so-called) into that "holy of holies" of love?

There are preliminaries to learn, in this as in all other things. A drop from the ocean is as truly ocean water, as is the whole mass, and only becomes a drop when separated from the mass. An individual is only one drop from the mass of humanity, from that life which is the *All*, and we cannot be separated one from the other if we would.

Each and every one is only like the different organs of the body; if one organ suffers, all partake in a measure of that suffering.

We surely must recognize the fact that if we do an injury to a person, or even neglect to do a kindness when it is in our power, such a mistake of commission or omission reacts upon ourselves with redoubled force.

Shall we not lay aside the old idea that nearly all the Master's sayings were figurative, and not intended for us to obey literally, for we are told so many times and many ways in his teachings of this brotherhood of man, that it does seem as if we might long ago have understood that he did mean just what he said,—that we are all one, only separated by circumstances, and that only as we are merciful or charitable to others, can we receive the same in return.

It is not so hard if we keep ever in our thoughts that every

life is a part of our own, and that in loving one another we are only obeying nature's first law—self-preservation.

Is it not easier looking at it in this light? Did you ever see it *just* this way before? Don't be envious, don't be jealous, don't pass by on the other side from needy man, woman, child or animal. All life is one; don't forget it. Say it forty times a day and gradually it will creep into your consciousness that you are not isolated, could not be if you would, and then you will see the beauty of "love one another."

You are not obliged to take into your arms or your home every one that is needy, but do something, *make* a way if you must, to *help*, and also remember that the suffering are not always the sick, the injured or the desperately poor. Sometimes the way is to open an opportunity for one who needs a position. Speak a good word to the employer of a hard working man, so that maybe he will get "a raise." Give a smile or a kind word to the pale girl back of the counter. Speak kindly to the grieving one, whatever it is that lives, for even a sick dog will give you a grateful look for a kindly pat. All these very simple things are within the range of the command.

Don't shut yourself up and think the world is made up of "me and my wife, my son John and his wife," there is too much of this exclusiveness. Study over this, and when you begin to see and understand what this loving business *means*, it won't be a bit hard, for love is unlimited in quantity, the drafts will always be honored. It makes no difference about the form, so long as our words and acts represent love, charity, forbearance, kindness, consideration for those who are a part of us.

So, drop that troublous question, "How *can* I love my neighbor as myself," for knowing he is a part of yourself, you cannot help it. Suppose God himself were to love one person more than another, what would be the result? Suppose you favor one portion of your body more than another, if it were possible, what would happen to the neglected parts? Each body is a little solar system in itself, and all together constitute a great universe, and each one who fails in his duty to others, introduces a note of disharmony which reverberates to the utmost confines of that universe.

OLIVE VERNE RICH.

TEMPLE HOME ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The printed report of the Annual Meeting has been sent to all T. H. A. members, applicants and holders of investment certificates. This report ought to give each member a good idea of the scope of our industrial activities—though we are but now in the pioneer stages.

THE OPEN GATE.

Would it were possible that all ARTISAN readers could personally know of the good work being done at this Sanatorium in relieving and curing consumption. The immediate and rapid improvement of all patients coming here who had any chance at all has more than gratified those in charge, and has amply justified the Association in starting a work of this kind. Patients whose friends thought they must soon die have been sent to the Open Gate, and to the surprise of all in a few weeks have gained so much in strength and weight and better feeling, that hope of ultimate recovery is justified. And those patients who are not in such advanced stages simply *bound* along in improved health, and strength, some gaining at the rate of four and five pounds a week with corresponding strength.

A WORTHY CASE.

We feel that our friends who are interested in the great work that the Open Gate has undertaken will be concerned in the following case, and may be glad of the opportunity to give whatever help is possible:

On November 5th a patient, Mrs. Froom, of Santa Maria, Cal., was received at the Open Gate. On examination she was found to be in the advanced stages of pulmonary tuberculosis, and so weak as to be unable to sit up. Her husband, Mr. Froom, is a teamster by occupation, and with four children and a sick wife it was a hard struggle to make ends meet. Mrs. Froom was sent to relatives in various parts of the state for her health without avail, getting steadily worse. Finally there seemed no place but the county hospital, where under the very worst conditions for such a case to be in, she became so miserable and distressed, and so much worse without proper care, food, etc., that some of the relatives came forward and sent her to the Open Gate, where they knew she could die in peace and under the best care at least, for it seemed then that she could not last more than a few weeks at the most. But strange to say, Mrs. Froom at once began to improve and within a week was able to stand on her feet. In two weeks she was able to walk across her tent, in fact, began to gain in every way, both in weight and strength, and was correspondingly happy, and so sweetly grateful for everything done for her that she has endeared herself to all who have

contacted her. At the end of the fourth week came a blow to her hopes. A letter from the relatives said they would be unable to pay any longer for her care at the Open Gate. This meant the going back into the old wretched conditions and the ebbing away of her life in a short time, unless something could be done to avert it. In this emergency we appealed to those locally whom we thought might help. The Rev. Mr. Sampson of Arroyo Grande, pastor of the Methodist Church, has promised to try to interest people in the case. To make matters worse for her Mr. Froom sustained a severe injury to his hand and so has been unable to work for a month or more. The most harrowing details of her wretched condition prior to her coming to the Open Gate could be adduced had we the space to spare; but our readers can imagine somewhat of the condition of a woman unable to get out of her bed, with no one to care for her, or to prepare her food or other needful things, and with four little children to attend to, while her husband was away all day at his work.

All moneys previously contributed for free patients has been expended on worthy cases or for equipment, and we now put these facts out to our readers with the hope that enough may respond with contributions so that this unfortunate but worthy woman may get the benefit, and perhaps eventually recover from the dread malady which now afflicts her. We surely feel that karmic blessings must come to all who can succor such a case as this. And each dollar sent will help. Contributions for helping this case should be addressed to the Open Gate Sanatorium.

WILLIAM H. DOWER.

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES.

This issue of THE ARTISAN has been unavoidably delayed because of the loss in the mails of matter sent to our printer.

* * * *

An Ethical Study class, under the auspices of Hiawatha Square of Syracuse, N. Y., has been formed, and weekly meetings are being held for the public. A syllabus of interesting subjects has been printed, and very successful meetings are reported. Average attendance about thirty-five people.

* * * *

Public lectures under the auspices of The Temple are being given each week in Boston by Dr. H. R. Montague Maddock.

Printed programs are issued monthly with the subjects of each lecture. Very successful and interesting meetings are reported.

* * * *

Public efforts, such as those mentioned above, are sure to advance the general interests of the Cause.

* * * *

Esperanza Square of Los Angeles reports regular meetings, and that much interest is maintained, with a harmonious band devoted to the Great Work.

* * * *

Mrs. Jessie Brewster, who was formerly associated with the Burley, Wash., Colony, is now at Headquarters, rendering efficient services.

* * * *

Miss Jessie Forge of the Boston Square has come to the Centre within the past month, and as a trained nurse, will be connected with the Open Gate Sanatorium work.

* * * *

Mrs. Ida J. Wilkins is now living in the Temple Headquarters building, and has been given charge of the correspondence with entering members, that they may be given all the needful help that is possible.

* * * *

Another edition of the First Book of Temple Teachings must be printed at once. Special contributions for this purpose are urgently solicited. Send to the Treasurer, Mrs. Jane W. Kent.

* * * *

For Temple dues and Helping Hand contributions, make money orders payable to Mrs. J. W. Kent, Treasurer.

* * * *

For Membership Certificates and Investment Certificates in the Temple Home Association, and for all payments thereon, make money orders payable to The Temple Home Association.

* * * *

It is requested, that in all cases of changes in address, *special notice* (separate) be promptly sent to the Temple Scribe, by letter, or postal card. If this direction is not carefully complied with, or if such changes are mentioned in any other method of correspondence, the desired result may not be secured.

TEMPLE SCRIBE.

Halcyon Hotel and Sanatorium

THE HALCYON SANATORIUM

Has been established for the scientific treatment of invalids, and for recuperation and rest in cases of overwork and nervous exhaustion. It is conducted as a distinctively

HEALTH INSTITUTION

and not as a **fashionable** resort. Regularity of life and freedom from noise and social excitement prevail, thus securing long periods of rest, while at the same time rational recreation is amply provided for. Although the comfort and welfare of the sick are first considerations, every opportunity is provided for those who desire to spend a pleasant and **profitable vacation amid healthful and beautiful surroundings.**

The Sanatorium buildings and grounds are situated near the town of Oceano, in the southwestern part of the famous Arroyo Grande Valley, which, encircled by hills from 400 to 800 feet high, has been aptly designated as "**the rosy dimple on the cheek of creation.**" San Luis Bay is one mile distant, affording, with its twenty miles of circular ocean beach, one of the most delightful drives in the world, with inspiring views of **sea and mountains** blending into one.

The Halcyon Sanatorium is not a water cure, nor a rest cure, nor a diet cure, air cure, nor movement cure, for the reason that not one of these expresses the leading idea, which is

HEALTH BY RIGHT LIVING.

Obedience to the laws of life and health is enjoined as the requisites to recovery. This is an **educative** as well as **curative** process, and it comprehends the work to which **The Sanatorium** is pledged:

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A home, secure from worldly care and strife,

Nature, the healing mistress, tends its portal,

Beckoning with gentle hand to paths of life."

All forms of **chronic diseases** will be received. Neuresthenic conditions and **nervous** diseases of all kinds, including **abnormal conditions** and habits resulting from excessive alcoholic or drug addictions, will be treated by the most improved methods and scientific principles known to **medical art**. Remedies and methods are available that will cure nearly every form of **chronic asthma**. The natural **hot sulphur and alkaline springs**, in the vicinity are of the greatest value in aiding to cure **rheumatic** as well as many forms of **liver and kidney affections**.

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For additional information, terms and rates, address

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